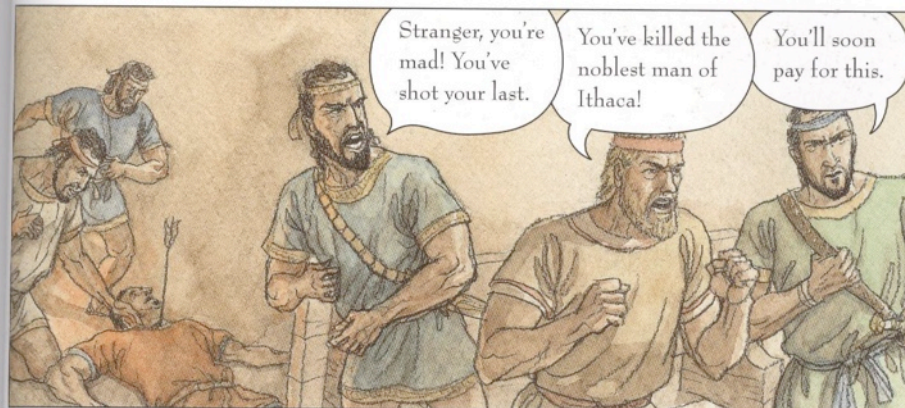


It seems I still have some strength left in these limbs.



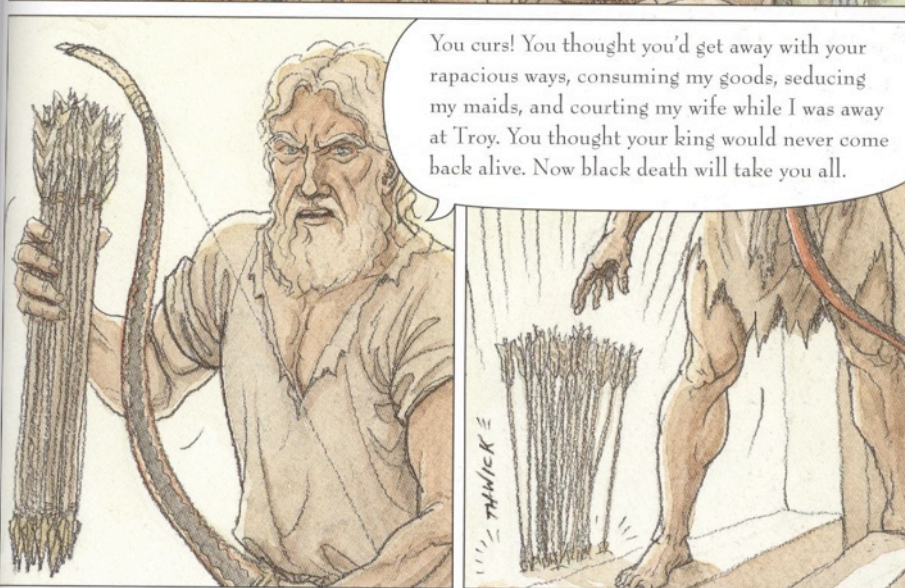
Now, Apollo guide my next shot!



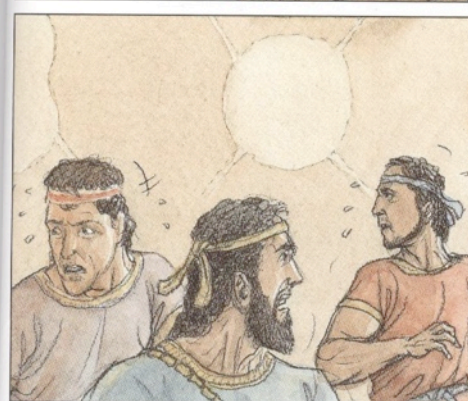
Stranger, you're mad! You've shot your last.

You've killed the noblest man of Ithaca!

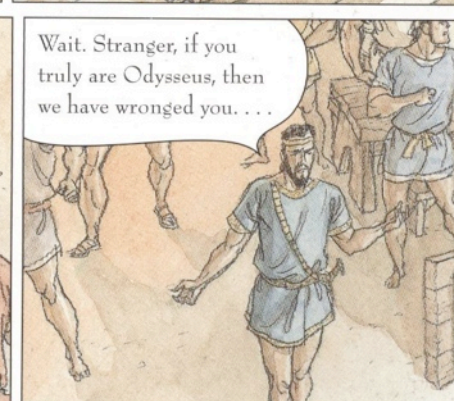
You'll soon pay for this.



You curs! You thought you'd get away with your rapacious ways, consuming my goods, seducing my maids, and courting my wife while I was away at Troy. You thought your king would never come back alive. Now black death will take you all.

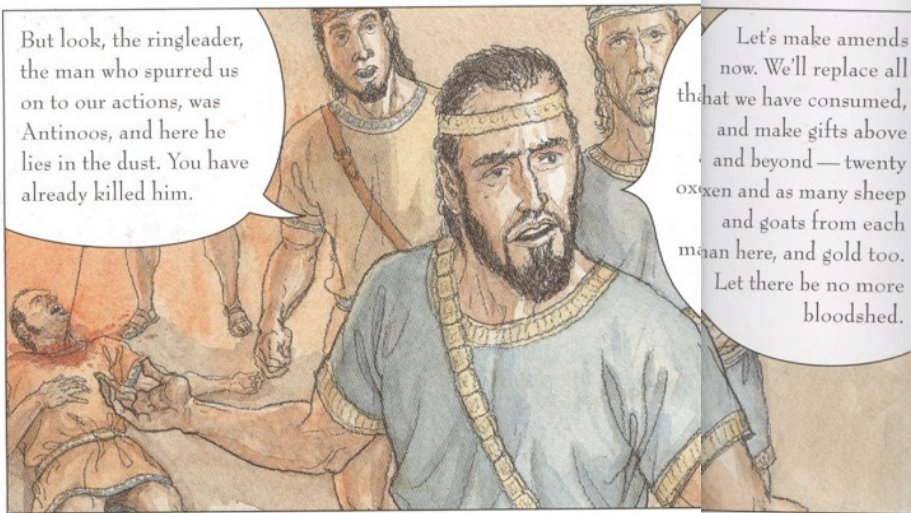


Wait. Stranger, if you truly are Odysseus, then we have wronged you. . . .



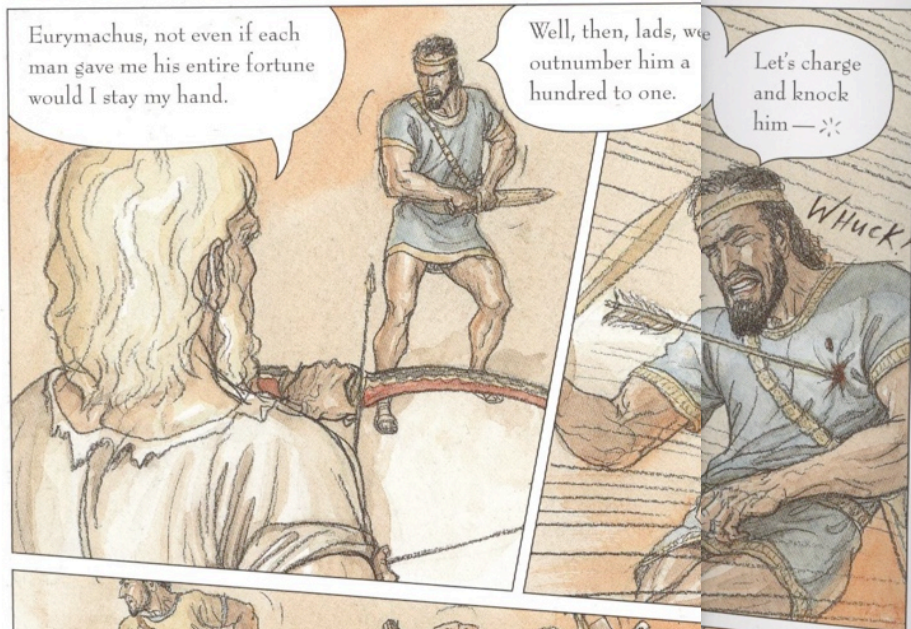


But look, the ringleader, the man who spurred us on to our actions, was Antinoos, and here he lies in the dust. You have already killed him.



Let's make amends now. We'll replace all that we have consumed, and make gifts above and beyond — twenty oxen and as many sheep and goats from each man here, and gold too. Let there be no more bloodshed.

Eurymachus, not even if each man gave me his entire fortune would I stay my hand.

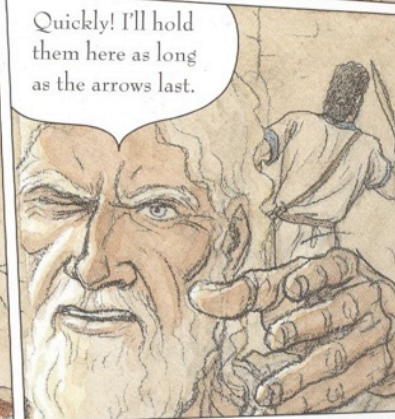


Well, then, lads, we outnumber him a hundred to one.

Let's charge and knock him — ✖



I'll get more arms from the storeroom.

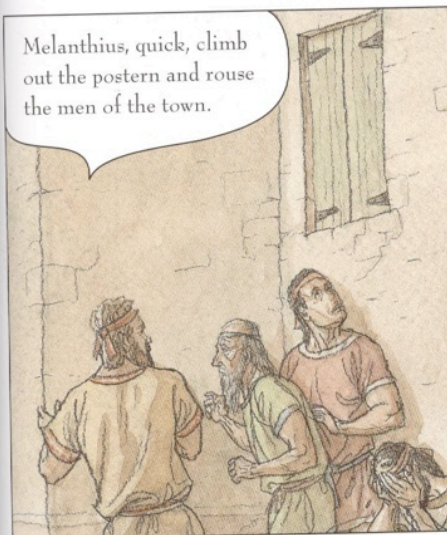


Quickly! I'll hold them here as long as the arrows last.

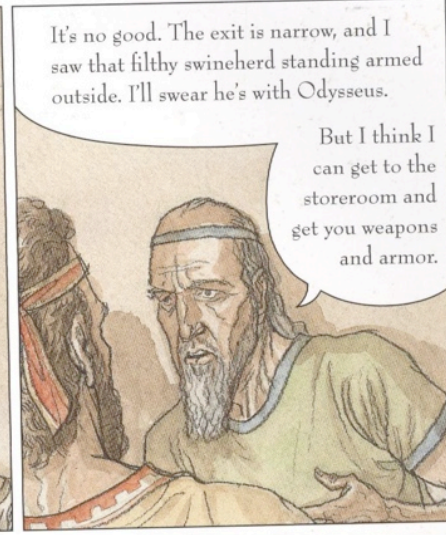


Down, behind the tables!





Melanthius, quick, climb out the postern and rouse the men of the town.

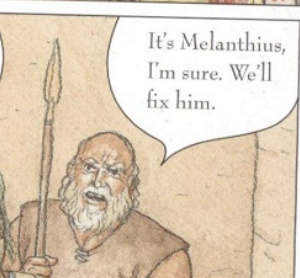
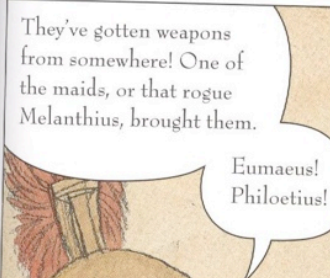
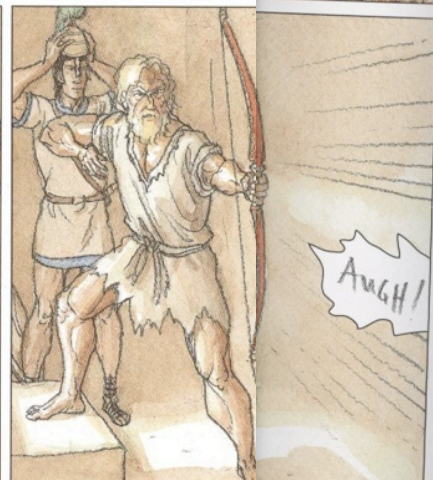
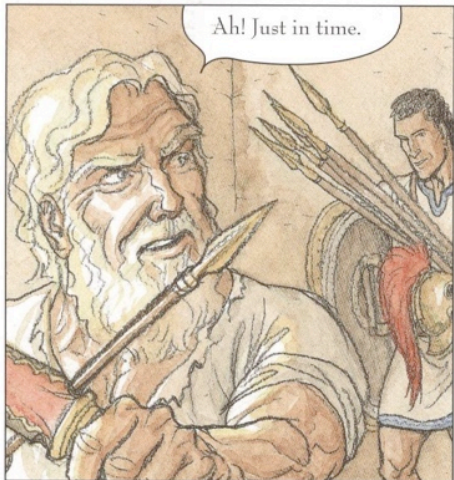
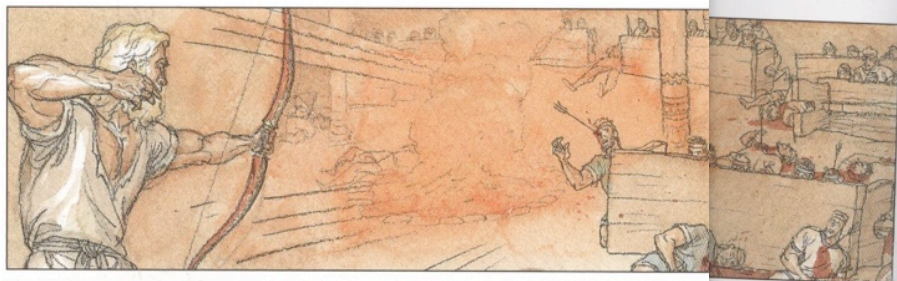


It's no good. The exit is narrow, and I saw that filthy swineherd standing armed outside. I'll swear he's with Odysseus.

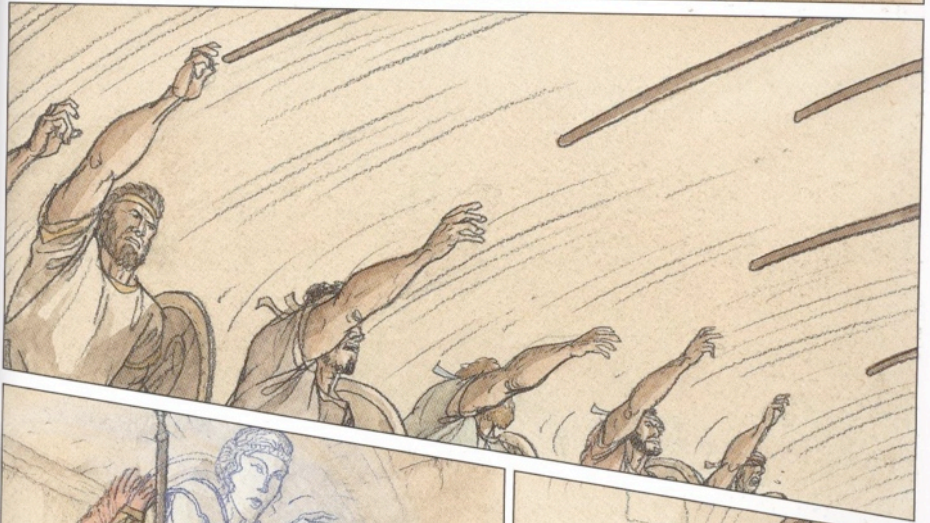
But I think I can get to the storeroom and get you weapons and armor.





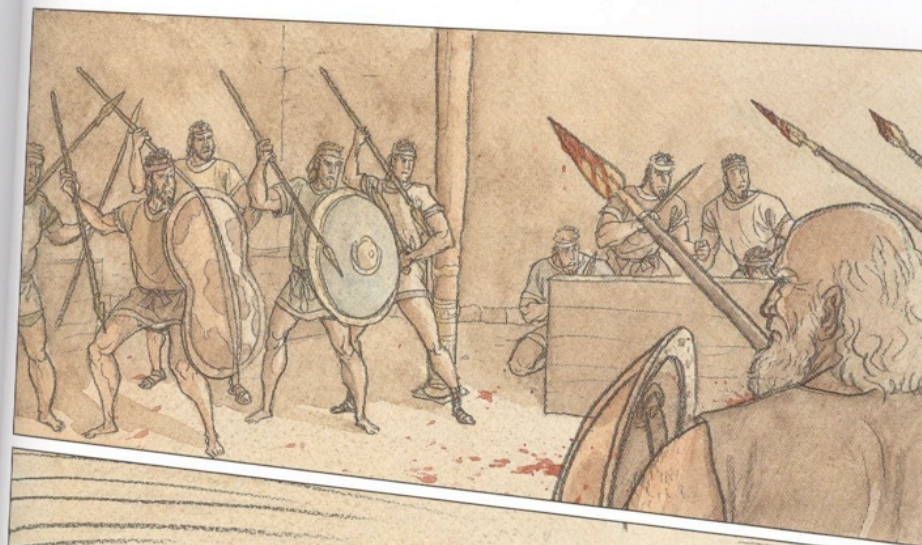
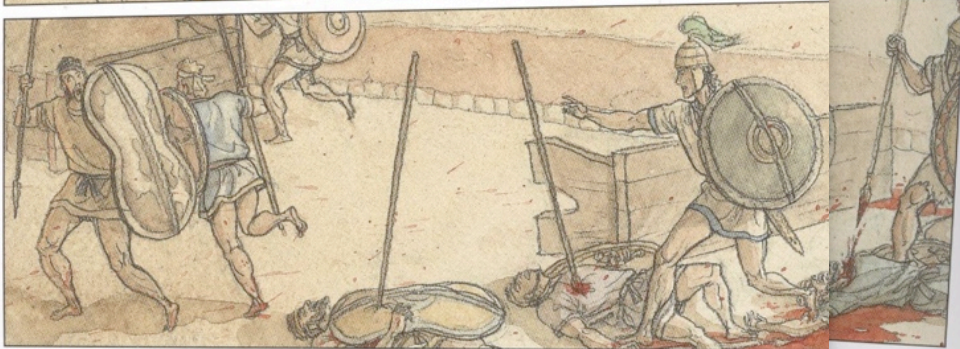
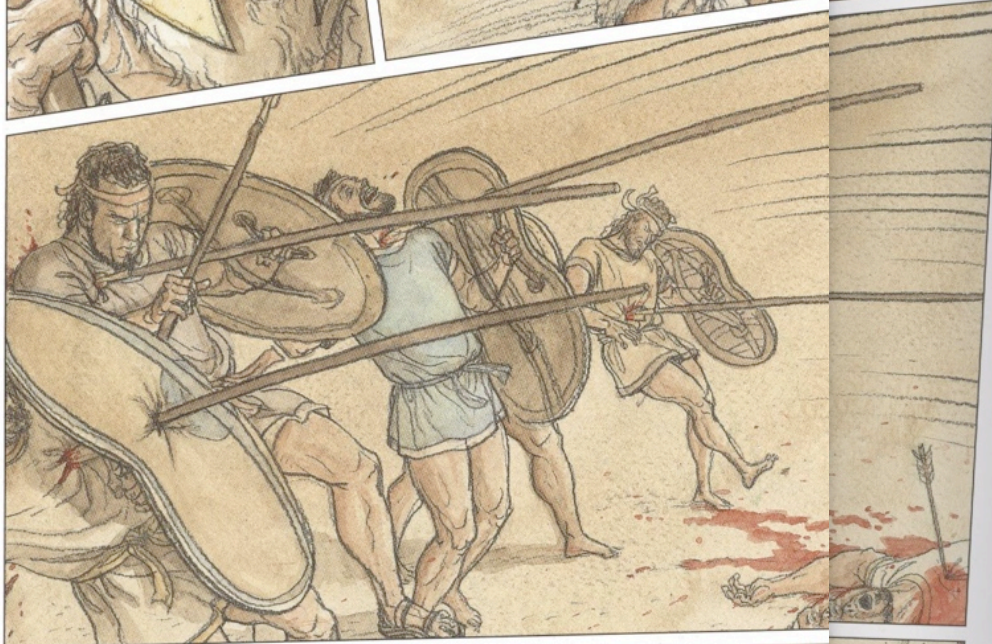








Let's return  
that volley.

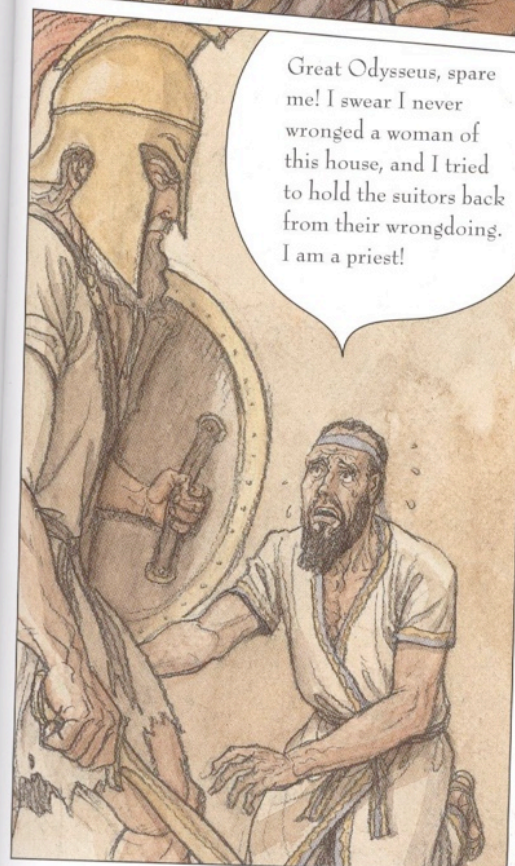
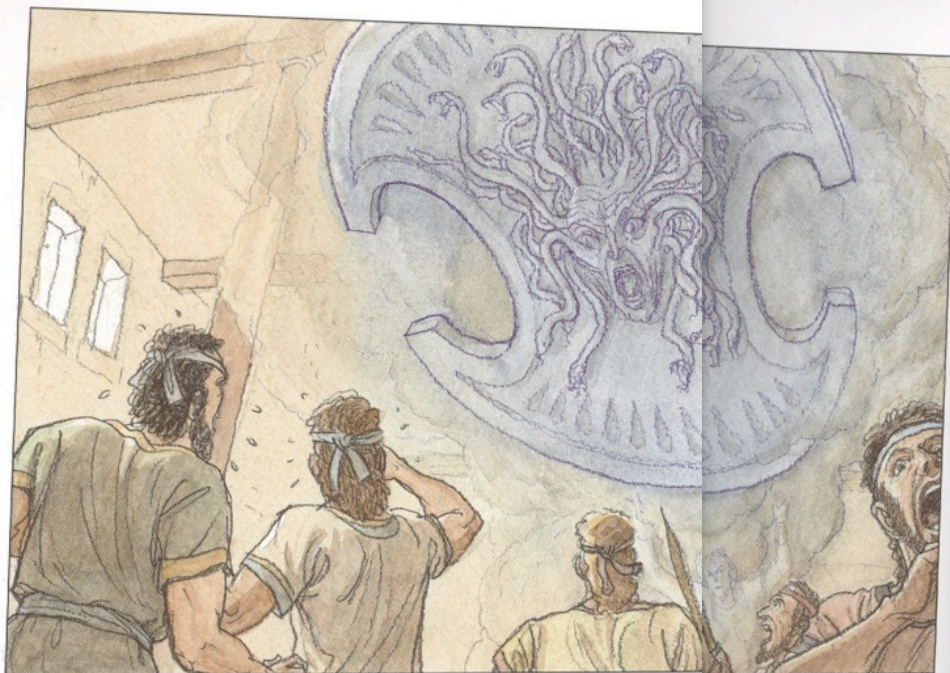


Again!



That's for your  
cow's foot,  
Ctessipus,  
you dog!



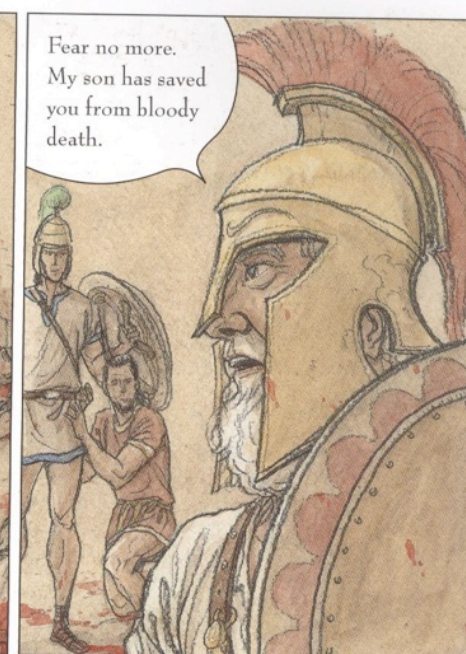
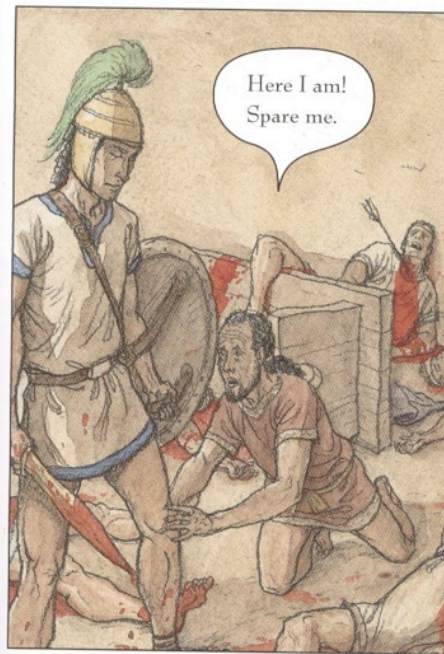
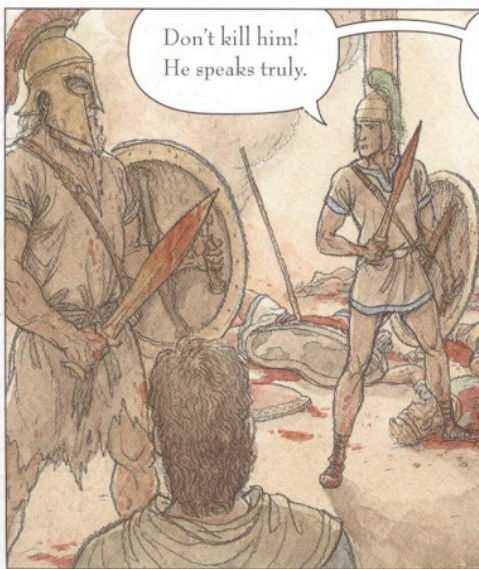
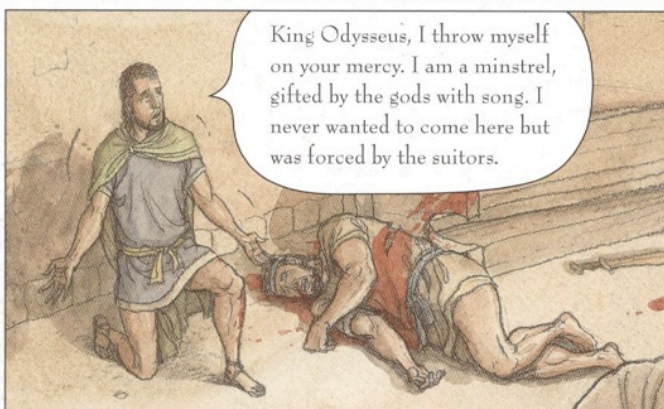
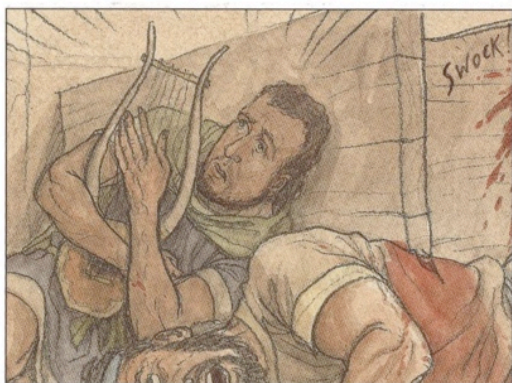


Great Odysseus, spare me! I swear I never wronged a woman of this house, and I tried to hold the suitors back from their wrongdoing. I am a priest!

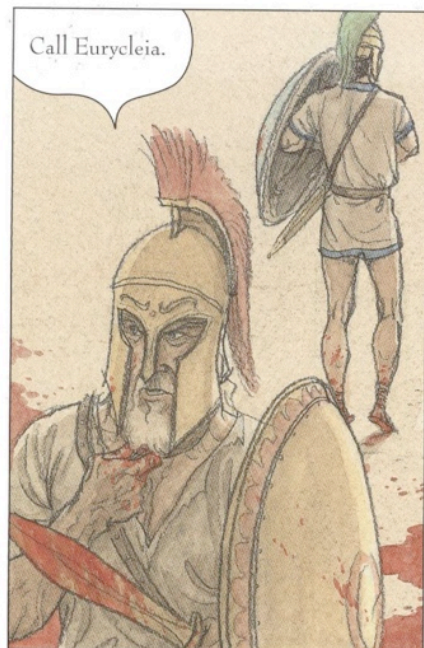


A priest who prayed that I would never return and that you might take my wife for your own.

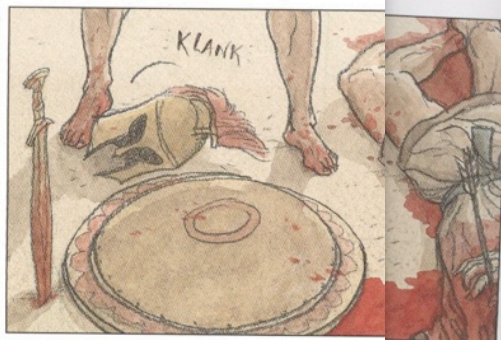




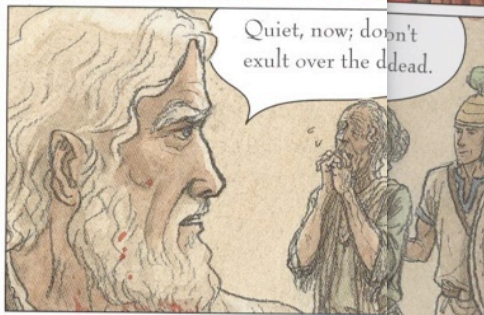




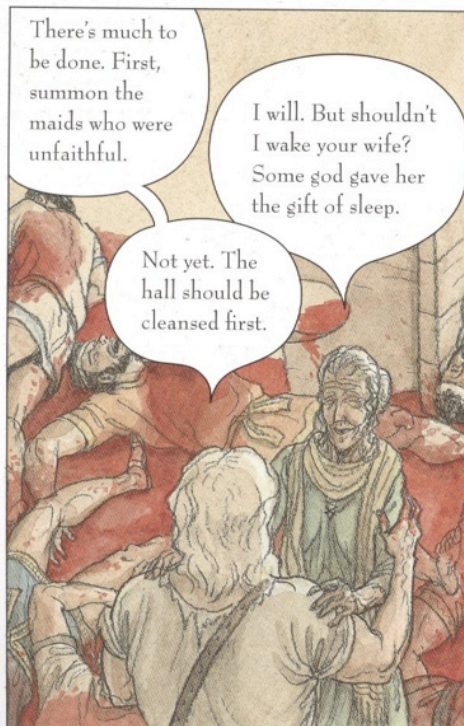
Call Eurycleia.



KLANK



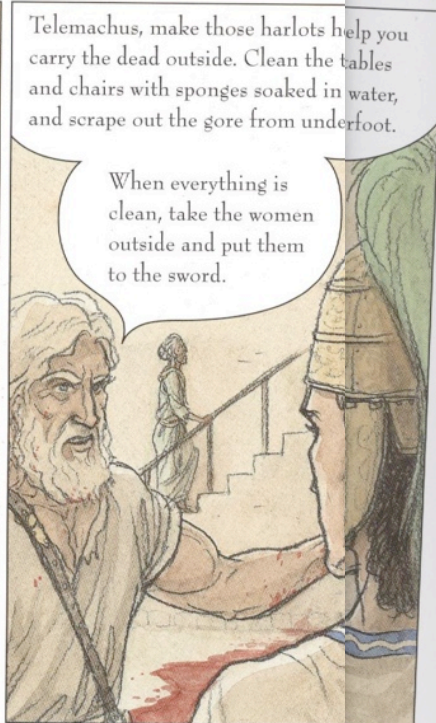
Quiet, now; don't exult over the dead.



There's much to be done. First, summon the maids who were unfaithful.

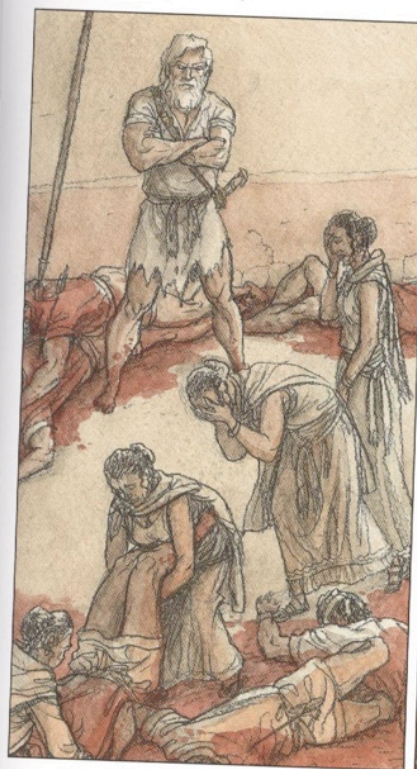
I will. But shouldn't I wake your wife? Some god gave her the gift of sleep.

Not yet. The hall should be cleansed first.



Telemachus, make those harlots help you carry the dead outside. Clean the tables and chairs with sponges soaked in water, and scrape out the gore from underfoot.

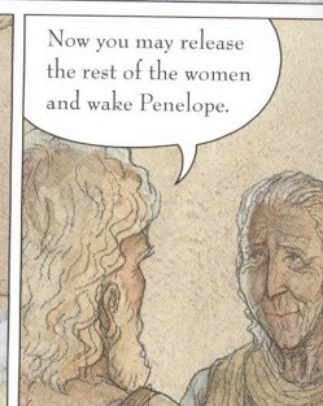
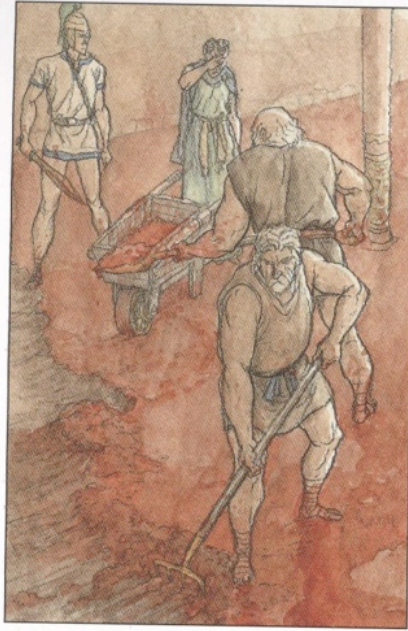
When everything is clean, take the women outside and put them to the sword.



Eurycleia, bring me fire and sulfur to fumigate the hall.







Now you may release  
the rest of the women  
and wake Penelope.

